Oh beggery, beggery, to what base vses dost thou put a man.
I think the Deuill scornes to be a bawde.
He beares himselfe more proudly, has more care on's credit.
Base slauish abiect filthie pouertie.
Wi. Good sir, by all our vowes I doe beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent?
Hus. Mony, mony, mony, and thou must supply me.
Wi. Alas, I am the lest cause of your discontent,
Yet what is mine, either in rings or Iewels
Vse to your own desire, but I beseech you,
As y'are a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I my selfe be out of your respect
Thinke on the state of these three louely boies
You haue bin father to.
Hu. Puh Bastards, bastards, bastards, begot in tricks, begot in tricks.
Wi. Heauen knowes how those words wrong me? but I maie,
Endure these griefes among a thousand more.
Oh, call to mind your lands already morgadge,
Your selfe woond into debts, your hopefull brother,
At the vniuersitie in bonds for you.
Like to be ceasd vpon. And
Hu. Ha done thou harlot,
Whome though for fashion sake I married,
I neuer could abide? thinkst thou thy wordes
Shall kill my pleasures, fal of to thy friends,
Thou and thy bastards beg: I will not bate